

Writing Sample I: THE SANDBOX

Written by

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EXT. HARTLAND STREETS (CALIFORNIA) - DAY

Sun is out, but the roads are still slick from rain.

Keidra pedals past a Hartland University SIGN and glances at the phone mounted to her handle bars--

ON PHONE: Map path with text: 10:22 A.M. Arrival: 6.5 min

She switches gears, stands up, and pedals faster. Rounds a curve. Bike SLIPS on the road, skids and--

Keidra crashes. Bangs herself up good.

The bike chain is BROKEN and BENT.

KEIDRA

Fantastic.

She rolls the bike to the sidewalk. Turns it upside down. Off comes the Martha Stewart backpack. Out comes FIDO-KEY.

KEIDRA (CONT'D)

Fido. Voice match recognize.

Keidra. Security OFF.

Fido-key GLOWS yellow.

KEIDRA (CONT'D)

Master link pliers.

Fido-key DISASSEMBLES and TRANSFORMS into bike chain pliers.

ON PHONE: Map app with text: 10:24 A.M Arrival: 5.5 min

ON KEIDRA

She uses Fido-bike-chain-pliers to split the chain.

Phone text message CHIRPS.

ON PHONE

From Scott: Don't be late for Hackworth's class. Tell me if he's wearing his pre-reg suit.

ON KEIDRA

Keidra doesn't look at the phone. She spins the bike wheel to release the chain. GREASE on her hands. Sees the CASSETTE. One tooth is BENT.

KEIDRA (CONT'D)
Needle-nose pliers.

Fido-bike-chain-pliers DISASSEMBLE and TRANSFORM into needle-nose pliers. She uses them to straighten the bent tooth. GREASE on the cassette.

Keidra examines the chain's bent link.

She looks around for something. Spots the SPOKES of the wheel. Thinks.

KEIDRA (CONT'D)
Cable cutters.

Needle-nose pliers DISASSEMBLE and TRANSFORM into cable cutters. She tries to snip a spoke off the wheel. Fails. GREASE on the SPOKE.

KEIDRA (CONT'D)
Utility knife.

Fido-cable-cutters DISASSEMBLE and TRANSFORM into a UTILITY KNIFE. She tries to saw through the spoke. Knife edge BREAKS.

KEIDRA (CONT'D)
Shit.

Broken knife parts and utility knife DISSIPATE and--

KEIDRA (CONT'D)
No, no! Cancel. Cancel.

It's not pretty, but--

KEIDRA (CONT'D)
Hammer.

Fido-mess DISASSEMBLES and TRANSFORMS into a small hammer. She uses the back to pull the spoke out of its socket, trying not to bend the rim. It bends anyway. She mouths "shit."

ON PHONE: INCOMING CALL: Gamma

GREASE on Keidra's face. SPEAKERPHONE.

KEIDRA (CONT'D)
Gamma?

AVELINO (V.O.)
Quark!

Using the freed spoke, Keidra hammers the pin out of the bent chain link to release it.

KEIDRA

Dad?

AVELINO (V.O.)

I hate it. Don't let them take me!

KEIDRA

No one's taking you anywhere, okay?

EXT. CRUZ HOUSE/SIDE - DAY

Avelino hides behind the too-wet rose bushes, phone in one hand, can of Hello, My Name is: Beer in the other. The CLICK-CLACK of Gamma's pumps on the concrete approaches.

AVELINO

Oh God, she's coming.

INTERCUT BETWEEN DAD, GAMMA, AND KEIDRA

KEIDRA

Who's coming? Where's Gamma?

Avelino takes a sip, makes a yuck face. Gamma's within range.

AVELINO

So anyway, mija, the toilet's broken. Can you pick up a closet bend for me at the hardware store?

KEIDRA

Sure, Dad, but it won't be until later. Can you use the other bathroom for now?

AVELINO

Uh... Oh, the red one? Okay.

Keidra's hammering releases the pin.

KEIDRA

Wait, what red bathroom?

AVELINO (V.O.)

Come to think of it, pick up a closet bend, too. Just in case.

KEIDRA

Dad, what do you mean by the red bathroom? Are you at home?

Gamma snatches the phone from Avelino.

GAMMA
Hello? Who is this?

KEIDRA
It's Keidra. What's going on?

Gamma watches as Avelino walks to Mrs. Spivak's driveway.

GAMMA
Oh, everything's just peachy-keen.
Okay, Pumpkin, I have to go now--

KEIDRA
Tell Dad to use my bathroom if his
is broken.

Gamma watches Avelino whip it out and PEE in the front seat of Mrs. Spivak's shiny ROADSTER.

Keidra threads the repaired chain through the pulleys and over the cog.

GAMMA
Lovely... Well, dear, nothing to
worry about here. Don't be late to
class! Bye now.

Gamma hangs up.

EXT. HARTLAND STREETS - DAY

SNAP. Keidra hooks the chain back to itself. Looks at the phone, confused, but then back to the matter at hand.

Looks for a place to wipe her greasy hands. New Martha Stewart backpack? Tempting. But...shorts it is.

Another glance at the time before Keidra tosses Fido-hammer in the backpack and jumps on her bike.

INT. HARTLAND LECTURE HALL - DAY

The door in the back of the LARGE lecture hall CREAKS open. Enter Keidra: a greasy mess. Door slams behind her.

Beyond the class of a hundred COLLEGE STUDENTS, most of them preppy, googly-eyed and uncommonly well-coiffed, stands--

--DR. DYLAN HACKWORTH (early 30s), wire-frame glasses, THREE-PIECE SUIT. Straight from a Details magazine cover. He looks at a breathless Keidra. Daggers.

Off Keidra...